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SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Seamen—Influence of—Good and Bad.

In 1825, five years after the arrival of the first band of American Missionaries, the British frigate *Blonde*, under the command of Lord Byron, visited the Islands. She brought back to the people the bodies of their King and Queen, who had died while on a visit to England.

The influence of the ship's company was highly conducive of good.

So enviable was the name Lord Byron left behind him that the nation gratefully gave it to the most beautiful Bay in all the group.

WHALE SHIP DANIEL.

Far different was the impression made during the same year by the Captain of a whale-ship of the same great nation. His name was *Buckle*, of the ship *Daniel*. He arrived off Lahaina, on the Island of Maui, in October. He had been there before. He loved to go there. He and his crew had always reveled there and they now expected a renewal of their excesses. But, during their absence the law against the boarding of ships by native women had been put into execution, and for the first time the deck of their vessel was

empty! It surprised them. It enraged them. They awaited awhile, looking angrily at each other, and then ashore. At length they suspected the cause. Then they cursed the missionaries, and shaking their fist toward the shore, swore revenge.

They came to their resolution immediately. Missionary or no missionary, chief or no chief, law or no law, they *would* enjoy the liberties of former years. They would use violence, if necessary, to accomplish their purpose. Accordingly, they went to the house of the resident missionary, armed with knives and clubs, and bearing a black flag. They broke in violently upon the unprotected family, and with threats demanded the repeal of the obnoxious law. But they raged in vain. The missionary was firm and fearless.—He bared his breast to them, telling them he could cheerfully die; but to persuade the chief to repeal the law protecting public chastity *he could not!* His wife, too, in feeble health, and surrounded by her helpless children, stood bravely by him, to share his fate. The mob was cowered before such courage. They left, but not, however, without threats of future vengeance. The law stood, and for

the first time lust went away ungratified, to vent its rage on the heaving ocean!

UNITED STATES SHIP DOLPHIN.

This was but the beginning of similar scenes. That odious law was the signal for war. Even the United States Navy was disgraced by engaging in it. Early in 1826 the United States Schooner "Dolphin" arrived at Honolulu. Her commander, *Lieutenant John Percival* (a name infamous in the Pacific,) soon expressed his disapprobation of the law. His first act was to release four women then in custody for its violation. At every interview with the chiefs he threatened violence to the missionaries, to whose influence he imputed the law. After raging and threatening four months a confederacy was formed with some foreign residents on shore, to storm the Mission and annul the law. The time they chose, was during the afternoon service on the Sabbath. Just as services were opening, a company of seamen from the Dolphin entered the house and demanded the repeal of the law. Being repulsed by the natives, they then joined a reinforcement from the ship, and directed their course to the house of the missionary. The missionary hastened to the protection of his family. Barely escaping with his life, he repaid their violence by rescuing one of the assailants who would otherwise have been slain by the indignant populace.

Having failed in this mean way to accomplish his purpose, this shameless Percival then plainly told the chiefs that he would not leave the Islands till they had repealed the law. The guns of the armed Schooner frightened some of the chiefs into a tacit consent. And as the first boatload of females went off from the shore a shout rung through the fleet, such as demons might raise over the resurrection of Sodom!

That one sinner destroyed much good. It may easily be imagined how vice, once more made rampant, conflicted with the progress of the missionary work.

UNITED STATES SLOOP PEACOCK.

But the triumph of the wicked was short. The arrival of the United States Sloop of war Peacock, five months after redeemed the character of the American Navy, and covered the enemies of the mission with shame. Her Commander, *Capt. Thomas ap. Catesby Jones*, heard of the doings of the Dolphin. These were accompanied by the most slanderous reports concerning the mission. For once the missionaries condescended to notice the scandal.—They prepared a circular and challenged their enemies to a public examination. A meeting was agreed upon, to be held in the presence of the Commander and officers of the ships of war. The parties met. On the one hand was the English Consul, *Richard Charlton*, (acknowledged to be a most notorious liar,) sustained by some of the most wealthy and influential merchants and shipmasters. On the other hand were a few plainly clad and unpretending men, waiting to be tried at their own request by their enemies, who sustained on this occasion (according to Captain Jones's own account) the fourfold relation of prosecutor, witness, jury, and judge! And yet, asks Captain Jones, in his published account of this meeting (*Jarvis' History* p. 271,) "What was the issue of this great trial? The most perfect, full, complete and triumphant victory for the missionaries that could have been asked by their most devoted friends. Not one jot or tittle, not one iota derogatory to their character as men or as ministers of the gospel of the strictest order, or as missionaries, could be made to appear by the united efforts of all who conspired against them."

The meeting broke up in confusion. The result was the same as would now follow any candid examination of the slanders still circulating on ship and on shore.

PAPAL MISSION.

The year 1827 was made memorable by the arrival of the *Roman Catholic Mission*. The priests were landed in direct violation of the

command of the king and chiefs.—The chiefs were satisfied with their present teachers, and wished no others to divide the people. Moreover, they wished not the *revival of image and picture worship*, which they had learned was taught by the new teachers. They, therefore, opposed it as idolatry, and subsequently persecuted its followers, under the old law that forbade heathenish practices.

FOREIGN OPPOSITION.

In 1829 the storm of foreign opposition that had lulled for a time, again descended more powerfully than before. Two things especially contributed to this result. The first was the return to the Islands of accounts, written by the missionaries, of the outrages committed by the whale-ship at Lahaina and the war ships at Honolulu. On reading in public prints the exposure of their abominations, the anger of the guilty perpetrators and abettors kindled into rage. They at once endeavored to secure the banishment of the reporters. They even prevailed on the chiefs to hold a council in case of one against whom the most bitter complaint was made. But the council resulted, as usual in the defeat of the wicked. Alas! for the poor revelers of the Pacific: it was now certain that they had no hiding place.—No longer, even in the bosom of the great ocean, could they conceal their sin and shame. They might stamp, and curse, and swear revenge, but they could not frighten, nor banish, nor slay the upright men who fearlessly stood in the way of their indulgence.

The other event which still more roused the ire and strengthened the opposition of foreigners, was the *extension of the laws of the kingdom over foreigners as well as natives*. Previously only natives were punishable, except in case of murder and theft. But now the chiefs felt able to take one step more. And they fearlessly took it. But it cost them a struggle. Foreigners who had hitherto enjoyed comparative freedom, could not and determined they would

not come under a law punishing their chosen sins.

How long the moral courage of the chiefs would have withstood the force of foreign consuls, captains, merchants, and sailors, it is difficult to judge, had not the countenance of a powerful government soon sustained them. Just when Charlton was bullying the loudest, threatening the vengeance of Great Britain, because he and his mates could not run loose and wild as before, the United States Sloop of war Vincennes, under command of Capt. Finch, arrived, bringing presents and a letter to the king from the President and government of the great Republic. That letter congratulated the chiefs and people on the introduction of Christianity, and recommended their earnest attention to "the religion of the Bible." It also added this timely clause.—"The President also anxiously hopes that peace and kindness and justice will prevail between your people and those citizens of the United States, who visit your Islands, and that the regulations of your government will be such as to *force them upon all*.—Our citizens who violate your laws, or interfere with your regulations, violate at the same time their duty to their own government and country, and *merit censure and punishment*." By such a letter the chiefs were strengthened in their former resolution. They determined, therefore, to enforce their laws. The foreigners when they saw their plans set at naught, vented their rage in a protest to the American Government the folly of which was afterwards fully and triumphantly exposed by the Commander of the Vincennes.

The whole conduct of Capt. Finch, the advice he gave, and the steps he took, advanced perceptibly the interests of the American mission, and the American nation at the Islands.

PERIL.

The year 1830 was one of general prosperity throughout the group. It was nevertheless one of great peril to Honolulu. For in May, Kaahumanu the Regent, and the young king left Oahu and spent nearly a year on the

Islands of Maui and Hawaii. This was too good an opportunity for the disaffected natives and dissolute foreigners to lose. They, therefore, made the most of it. With Liliha at their head, who was the wife of Boki, (but who by feigning before the Regent to be very pious had managed to succeed her husband in the governorship of the Island,) they matured a conspiracy against the government. In this conspiracy the renowned Charlton acted a conspicuous part. The laws against immorality, gambling &c. were left unexecuted. Tippling shops were opened on every street. Drunken men and women reeled everywhere. At the same time unaccountable preparations for war were progressing by secret orders from the treacherous governess. These naturally produced alarm among chiefs and people.

But Kaahumanu was not idle. At the proper time she struck the blow. It was effectual. She appointed her own brother, a chief of great energy of character to the office of governor, in place of Liliha the traitor. He immediately left for the scene of growing insurrection. Landing troops unseen and unexpected by seizing the fort and ammunition, he surprised and broke up the faction. He at once established an armed police in the streets of Honolulu, broke up the tippling and gambling houses, and without fear or favor reinforced the laws suppressing immorality. Nor did he allow evasions of the law.—He permitted no selling of coffee in order to give away rum! He would not even permit foreigners to sell liquor to one another.

To a petition to grant this last privilege, his reply was remarkable. It was worthy of rulers in older Christian lands, and of a later date in the temperance reform. Said he, "*To horses, cattle, and hogs you may sell rum; but to real men you must not, on these shores!*" Kaukini usually called Governor Adams, bears the palm from Neal Dow, as the originator of the Maine law!

The result was the immediate formation of a National Temperance

Society. A thousand names were at once subscribed to the total abstinence pledge. Immediate measures were also taken to extend the Society throughout the Islands, an effort that proved eminently useful in after years. Good thus came from evil, and constituted in the event another of those many instances in which the wrath of the enemies of the mission was made to praise God.

EXPULSION OF THE JESUITS.

But had this same Governor been as well convinced on the subject of religious toleration as on the subject of temperance, he would not have taken one other step which resulted in the expulsion of the Roman Priests from the Island. This occurred in 1831,

After removing all of Liliha's party from office, he peremptorily ordered the priests to leave the Islands.—They were suspected by the chiefs to be in leagu with Liliha—as they had been with Boki, her husband. It was therefore, deemed right and prudent to order their departure. Three months were given them in which to leave. Eight months elapsed before they left. Then after much duplicity on their part to evade the edict, and many intrigues of certain foreigners to detain them longer, the government fitted out a vessel at an expense of \$4000, and landed them safely on the shores of California.

The banishment of those priests has often been charged on the American Mission. But the charge is false. Both the mission and the government have always denied it, while not the bitterest enemy has been able to prove it. The priests were sent away for the following reasons only: They landed at first without permission. They had remained year after year in defiance of government orders to depart. They had taught the worship of images which was a violation of the law suppressing idolatry. They had opposed the schools adopted by the chiefs, and forbidden the people to attend them. Moreover they had identified themselves with a rebellious party, and were intimate and friendly with the vile Charlton

and his beastly associates. They were suspicious men. The chiefs fearing, therefore, that the same results would follow their success at the Islands which they heard had followed in other countries where they had gained supremacy, asked them to leave. Not succeeding by a request, they at last, forcibly, though kindly, sent them away. From all participation in their banishment the government have always exonerated the American Mission. If the missionaries instructed the chiefs concerning the persecuting character of the Church of Rome, it was only to fortify their minds against embracing that faith. It was never to secure the banishment of the priests. They only did what is constantly done by Protestant ministers both in England and in the United States.

HIGH SCHOOL.

During the same year the Mission established a *High School* for the education of teachers and preachers for the several Islands. Common schools also were extended to embrace more of the children of the Nation.

DEATH OF KAAHUMANU.

The year 1832 was made memorable by the *death of the great and good Kaahumanu*. This occurred on the 5th of June. She had lived to welcome the *fourth* reinforcement to the Mission. She died to strengthen their faith by a triumphant Christian death. The Mission and Nation mourned as for a mother. All loved her. Not even a foreigner doubted her piety. None could fill her place. A central pillar had been removed, and the edifice it had so powerfully sustained trembled. But it did not fall.

THE REACTION.

The reverse that followed was expected. It was most disastrous in 1833. The young king who had been always inclined to habits the most unpromising, but who had been kept in check by Kaahumanu, now broke over all barriers. He disregarded all restrictions on public immorality. Natives followed his ex-

ample and plunged into every excess. The wicked foreigners who had plotted this disaster, exulted. They boasted openly that the missionaries would soon be banished. Schools were nearly deserted. Many native teachers relapsed into sin. Congregations on the Sabbath were greatly reduced. Several churches were burned. In a few places heathen rites were again revived. Grog-shops and distilleries again introduced riot, debauchery, and death.

But Satan run mad and went too far too soon. His folly soon numbered the days of his rule. Even the young king was alarmed. So that at a meeting of the chiefs, when it was expected that he would select an abandoned woman as his Regent during his minority, he most unexpectedly turned towards the pious KINAU, whom Kaahumanu had appointed, and confirmed her in the royal office! Shame hung its head, vice trembled, effrontery fled. The conspiracies of the wicked were at an end!

When asked why he had changed his purpose, the young Prince made this significant reply, "*Very strong is the kingdom of God.*" Yes, God had as often before, *turned the heart of a king*, "as the rivers of water are turned."

The very reverses, of which the youthful king was the author had proved its strength. For while multitudes by their imitation of his example proved that their religion rose or fell with the chiefs, yet great numbers displayed by their firmness a religious feeling worthy of true Christians. When the first shock of the revulsion was over, the congregations increased again. For religion had already sent its roots too deep into the heart of the nation to be prostrated by the blast that shook its branches.

RECOVERY, PROGRESS, AND RESULTS.

That year of reverse was relieved by a new sign of promise. The friends of religion on ship and on shore welcomed at Honolulu the Rev. John Diell, the *first Seaman's Chaplain* sent into the Pacific. He arrived in the spring, and as early as

November, he dedicated in the very heart of the prevailing iniquity a chapel for the foreign worship of a God. He also opened reading rooms for officers and seamen. The missionaries at Lahaina also did the same at that Port.

For the above sketch, abridged somewhat, we are indebted to the "Pacific," and the pen of the Rev T. Dwight Hunt. How strikingly is the Prophet's declaration in respect to the house of Judah and house of Israel verified in respect to seamen! Zech. 8: 13.

The Man that Killed his Neighbors.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

It is interesting to observe how a man's moral character affects those with whom he is connected, and reaches to the animals under his care, and may be traced even in many of the inanimate objects around him.

Reuben Black was a torment in the neighborhood where he resided. The very sight of him produced effects which may be likened to those said to follow a Hindoo magical tune, called Rang, which is supposed to bring on clouds, storms, and earthquakes. His wife had a sharp and uncomfortable look. His boys seemed to be in perpetual fear. The cows became startled as soon as he opened the barn-yard gates. The dog dropped his tail between his legs, and eyed him askance, as if to see what humor he was in. The cat looked wild, and had been known to rush straight up the chimney when he moved toward her. The description of a certain stage-horse was well suited to Reuben's nag — "His hide resembled an old hair trunk." Continual whipping and kicking had made him so insensible that no amount of blows could quicken his pace, no cheering could change the dejected drooping of his head. All his natural language said, as plain as a horse could say it, that he was a most unhappy beast. Even the trees on Reuben's premises had a neglected and desolate appearance. His fields were red with sorrel, or

overrun with weeds. Every thing about him seemed hard and arid as his own countenance. Every day he cursed the town and the neighborhood, because the people poisoned his dogs, and stoned his hens, and shot his cats. Continual lawsuits involved him in so much trouble and expense that he had neither time nor money to spend on the improvement of his farm.

Against Joe Smith, a poor laborer in the neighborhood, he had brought three suits in succession. Joe said he had returned a spade he had borrowed, and Reuben swore he had not. He sued Joe and recovered damages, for which he ordered the officer to seize his pig. Joe, in his wrath, called him an old swindler, and a curse to the neighborhood. These remarks were soon repeated to Reuben. He brought an action for slander, and recovered very small damages. Provoked at the laugh this occasioned, he watched for Joe to pass by, and set his dog upon him, crying out furiously, "Call me an old swindler again, will you?" An evil spirit is more contagious than the plague. Joe went home and scolded his wife, boxed little Joe's ears, and kicked the cat: and not one of them knew what it was all for. A fortnight after Reuben's dog was found dead from poison. Whereupon he brought another action against Joe Smith, and not being able to prove him guilty of the charge of dog-killing, he took his revenge by poisoning a pet lamb belonging to Mrs. Smith. Thus feelings of ill-will were followed by misery and loss. Joe's temper grew more and more vindictive, and the love of talking over his troubles at the gin-shop increased upon him. Poor Mrs. Smith cried, and said it was all owing to Reuben Black, for a better hearted man never lived than her Joe, when she first married him.

Such was the State of things when Simeon Green purchased the farm adjoining Reuben's. This had been much neglected, and had caught thistles and other weeds from the neighboring fields. But Simeon was a diligent man, and one who commanded well his own temper, for he had

learned of Him who is "meek and lowly in heart." He had been taught by the Holy Spirit the evil of his own heart, and been led to a humble but sure trust in Christ for pardon and salvation; and, having this hope in Him, he sought by the aid of the Holy Spirit, to purify himself even as God is pure, and to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith he was called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing—in love, Eph. iv. 1, 2.

His steady perseverance and industry soon changed the aspect of things on the farm. River mud, autumn leaves, old bones, were all put in use to assist in producing fertility and beauty. The trees, hitherto overrun with moss and insects, soon looked clean and vigorous. Fields of grain waved where weeds had only grown before. Roses covered half the house with their abundant clusters. Even the rough rock, which formed the door step, was edged with golden moss. The sleek horse, feeding in clover, tossed his mane and neighed when his master came near; as much as to say, "The world is all the pleasanter for having you in it, Simeon Green!" The old cow, fondling her calf under the great walnut tree, walked up to him with a serious friendly face, asking for a slice of beet root which he was wont to give her. Chanticleer strutting about, with his troop of plump hens, and their downy little chickens, took no trouble to keep out of his way, but flapped his glossy wings, and crowed a welcome in his very face. When Simeon turned his steps homeward the boys threw their caps, and ran shouting, "Father's coming!" and little Mary went toddling up to him with a flower ready to place in his button hole. His wife was a woman of few words, but she sometimes said to her neighbors with a quiet kind of satisfaction, "Everybody loves my husband that knows him. They cannot help it."

Simeon Green's acquaintance knew that he was never engaged in a lawsuit in his life, but they predicted that he would find it impossible to avoid it now. They told him his next neigh-

bor was determined to quarrel with people whether they would or not; that he was like John Lilburne, of whom it was happily said, "If the world were emptied of every person but himself, Lilburne would still quarrel with John, and John with Lilburne."

"Is that his character?" said Simeon. "If he exercises it upon me, I will soon kill him."

In every neighborhood there are individuals who like to foment disputes, not from any definite intention of malice or mischief, but merely because it makes a little ripple of excitement in the dull stream of life. Such people were not slow in repeating Simeon Green's remark about his wrangling neighbor. "Kill me, will he?" exclaimed Reuben. He said no more; but his tightly compressed mouth had such a significant expression that his dog slunk from him in alarm. That very night Reuben turned his horse into the highway, in hopes he would commit some depredation on neighbor Green's premises. But Joe Smith seeing the animal at large, let down the bars of Reuben's own corn-field, and the poor beast walked in, and feasted as he had not done for many a year. It would have been a great satisfaction to Reuben if he could have brought a suit against his horse; but as it was, he was obliged to content himself with beating him. His next exploit was to shoot Mary Green's handsome cock, because he stood on the stone wall and crowed, in the ignorant joy of his heart, a few inches beyond the frontier line that bounded the contiguous farms. Simeon said he was sorry for the poor bird, and sorry because his wife and children liked the pretty creature; but otherwise it was no great matter. He had been intending to build a poultry yard with a good high fence, that his hens might not annoy his neighbors; and now he was admonished to make haste to do it. He would build them a snug warm house to roost in; they should have plenty of gravel and oats, and room to walk back and forth, and crow and cackle to their heart's content; there they could enjoy themselves, and be out of harm's way.

But Reuben Black had a degree of ingenuity and perseverance which might have produced great results for mankind, had those qualities been devoted to some more noble purpose than provoking quarrels. A pear tree in his garden very improperly stretched an arm a little over Simeon Green's premises. It happened that the overhanging bough bore more abundant fruit, and glowed with a richer hue than the other boughs. One day little George Green, as he went whistling along, picked up a pear that had fallen into his father's garden. The instant he touched it he felt something on the back of his neck, like the sting of a wasp. It was Reuben Black's whip, followed by such a storm of angry words that the poor child rushed into the house in an agony of terror. But this experiment failed also. The boy was soothed by his mother, and told not to go near the pear tree again; and there the matter ended.

This imperturbable good nature vexed Reuben more than all the tricks and taunts he met from others. Evil efforts he could understand, and repay with compound interest, but he did not know what to make of this perpetual forbearance. It seemed to him there must be something contemptuous in it. He disliked Simeon more than all the rest of the people put together, because he made him feel so uncomfortably in the wrong, and did not afford him the slightest pretext for complaint. It was annoying to see everything in his neighbor's domains looking so happy, and presenting such a bright contrast to the forlornness of his own. When their wagons passed each other on the road, it seemed as if Simeon's horse tossed his head higher and flung out his mane, as if he knew he was going by Reuben Black's old nag. He often said he supposed Green covered his house with roses and honeysuckles on purpose to shame his bare walls. But he did not care—not he! He was not going to be fool enough to rot his boards with such stuff. But no one resented his disparaging remarks, or sought to provoke him in any way. The rose smiled, the horse

neighed, and the calf capered; but none of them had the least idea that they were scorned by Reuben Black. Even the dog had no malice in his heart, though he did one night chase home his geese, and bark at them through the bars. Reuben told his master the next day, and said he would bring an action against him if he did not keep that dog at home. Simeon answered very quietly that he would try to take better care of him. For several days a strict watch was kept, in hopes Towzer would worry the geese again; but they paced home undisturbed, and not a solitary bow-wow furnished excuse for a lawsuit.

The new neighbors not only declined quarrelling, but they occasionally made positive advances toward a friendly relation. Simeon's wife sent Mrs. Black a large basket full of very fine plums. Pleased with the unexpected attention, she cordially replied, "Tell your mother it was very kind of her, and I am very much obliged to her." Reuben, who sat smoking in the chimney corner, listened to this message for once without any impatience, except whiffing the smoke through his pipe a little faster and fiercer than usual. But when the boy was going out of the door, and the friendly words were repeated, he exclaimed, "Don't make a fool of yourself, Peg. They want to give us a hint to send a basket of our pears, that's the upshot of the business. You may send them a basket, when they are ripe; for I scorn to be under obligation, especially to your smooth-tongued folks." Poor Peggy, whose heart had been for the moment refreshed by a little act of kindness, admitted distrust into her bosom, and all the pleasure she had felt on receiving her neighbor's present departed.

Not long after this advance toward good neighborhood, some laborers employed by Simeon Green, passing over a bit of marshy ground, with a heavy team, stuck fast in a bog occasioned by long continued rain. The poor oxen were unable to extricate themselves, and Simeon ventured to ask assistance from his waspish-

neighbor, who was working at a short distance. Reuben replied gruffly, "I've got enough to do to attend to my own business." The civil request that he might be allowed to use his oxen and chains for a few minutes being answered in this surly tone Simeon silently walked off, in search of a more obliging neighbor.

The men who had been left waiting with the patient and suffering oxen scolded about Reuben's ill nature when Simeon came back to them and said they hoped Reuben would get stuck in the same bog himself. Their employer rejoined, "If he should, we will do our duty and help him out." "There is such a thing as being too good natured," said they. "If Reuben Black takes the notion that people are afraid of him, it makes him trample on them worse than ever."

"Oh, wait a while," replied Green, smiling, "I will kill him before long. Wait and see if I do not kill him."

It chanced soon after, that Reuben's team did stick fast in the same bog, as the workmen had wished. Simeon noticed it from a neighboring field, and gave directions that the oxen and chains should be immediately conveyed to his assistance. The men laughed, shook their heads, and talked about the old hornet. They, however, cheerfully proceeded to do as their employer requested. "You are in a bad situation, neighbor," said Simeon, as he came alongside the foundered team; "but my men are coming with two yoke of oxen, and I think we shall soon manage to help you out." "You may take your oxen back again," replied Reuben, quickly; "I want none of your help." In a very friendly tone Simeon answered, "I cannot consent to do that, for evening is coming on, and you have a very little time to lose. It is a bad job at any time, but it will be still worse in the dark." "Light or dark, I do not ask your help," replied Reuben emphatically. "I would not help you out of the bog the other day when you asked me." "The trouble I had in relieving my poor oxen teaches me to feel for others in the same situation. Do not let us waste words

about it, neighbor. It is impossible for me to go home and leave you here in the bog, and night coming on."

The team was soon drawn out, and Simeon and his men went away, without waiting for thanks. When Reuben went home that night, he was unusually thoughtful. After smoking awhile in deep contemplation, he gently knocked the ashes from his pipe, and said, with a sigh, "Peg, Simeon Green has killed me!" "What do you mean?" said his wife, dropping her knitting with a look of surprise. "You know when he first came into this neighborhood, he said he would kill me," replied Reuben, "and he has done it. The other day he asked me to help his team out of the bog, and I told him I had enough to do to attend to my own business. To-day my team stuck fast in the same bog, and he came with two yoke of oxen to draw it out. I felt ashamed to have him lend me a hand; so I told him I wanted none of his help; but he answered just as pleasant as if nothing contrary had happened, that night was coming on, and he was not willing to leave me in the mud." "He is a pleasant spoken man," said Mrs. Black, "and always has a pretty word to say to the boys. His wife seems to be a nice neighborly body, too." Reuben made no answer; but after meditating awhile, he remarked, "Peg, you know that big ripe melon down at the bottom of the garden? you may as well carry it over there in the morning." His wife said she would, without asking him to explain where "over there" was.

But when the morning came, Reuben walked backwards and forwards, and round and round, with that sort of aimless activity often manifested by fowls, and fashionable idlers, who feel restless, and do not know what to run after. At length the cause of his uncertain movements was explained. "I may as well carry the melon myself, and thank him for his oxen. In my flurry down there in the marsh, I forgot to say that I was obliged to him."

He marched off toward the garden, and his wife stood at the door, with one hand on her hip, and the other

shading the sun from her eyes, to see if he would carry the melon into Simeon Green's house. It was the most remarkable incident that had ever happened since her marriage. She could hardly believe her own eyes. He walked quickly, as if afraid he should not be able to carry the unusual impulse into action if he stopped to reconsider the question. When he found himself in Mr. Green's house, he felt extremely awkward, and hastened to say, "Mrs. Green, here is a melon my wife sent to you, and we think it is a ripe one." Without manifesting any surprise at such unexpected courtesy, the friendly matron thanked him, and invited him to sit down. But he stood playing with the latch of the door, and without raising his eyes said, "May be Mr. Green is not in this morning?"

"He is at the pump, and will be in directly, she replied;" and before her words were spoken, the honest man walked in, with a face as fresh and bright as a June morning. He stepped right up to Reuben, shook his hand cordially, and said, "I am glad to see you, neighbor. Take a chair—take a chair."

"Thank you, I cannot stop," replied Reuben. He pushed his hat on one side, rubbed his head, looked out of the window, and then said suddenly, as if by a desperate effort—"The fact is, Mr. Green, I did not behave right about the oxen."

"Never mind—never mind," replied Mr. Green. "Perhaps I shall get into the bog again, one of these rainy days. If I do, I shall know whom to call upon."

"Why, you see," said Reuben, still very much confused, and avoiding Simeon's mild clear eye—"you see the neighbors here are very ugly. If I had always lived by such neighbors as you are, I should not be just as I am."

"Ah, well, we must try to be to others what we want them to be to us," rejoined Simeon. You know the good Book says so. I have learned by experience, that if we speak kind words, we hear kind echoes. If we try to make others happy, it fills them with a wish to make us happy. Per-

haps you and I can bring the neighbors round in time to this way of thinking and acting. Who knows?—let us try, Mr. Black, let us try. And come and look at my orchard. I want to show you a tree which I have grafted with very choice apples. If you like, I will procure you some cuttings from the same stock."

They went into the orchard together, and friendly chat soon put Reuben at his ease. When he returned home, he made no remarks about his visit; for he could not, as yet, summon sufficient greatness of soul to tell his wife that he had confessed himself in the wrong. A gun stood behind the kitchen door, in readiness to shoot Mr. Green's dog for having barked at his horse. He now fired the contents into the air, and put the gun away into the barn. From that day henceforth, he never sought for any pretext to quarrel with the dog or his master. A short time after, Joe Smith, to his utter astonishment, saw him pat Towzer on the head, and heard him say, "Good fellow!"

Simeon Green was too magnanimous to repeat to any one that his quarrelsome neighbor had confessed himself to blame. He merely smiled as he said to his wife, "I thought we should kill him after a while."

Joe Smith did not believe in such doctrines. When he heard of the adventures in the marsh, he said, "Simeon Green is a fool. When he first came here, he talked very big about killing folks, if they did not mind their P's and Q's. But he does not appear to have as much spirit as a worm; for a worm will turn when it is trod upon."

Poor Joe had grown more intemperate and more quarrelsome, till at last nobody would employ him. About a year after the memorable incident of the water-melon, some one stole several valuable hides from Mr. Green. He did not mention the circumstance to any one but his wife; and they both had reason for suspecting that Joe was the thief. The next week, the following anonymous advertisement appeared in the newspaper of the county.

"Whoever stole a lot of hides on Friday night, the 5th of the present month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction a secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind."

This singular advertisement, of course, excited a good deal of remark. There was much debate whether or not the thief would avail himself of the friendly offer. Some said he would be a green-horn if he did; for it was manifestly a trap to catch him. But he who had committed the dishonest deed alone knew whence that benevolent offer came, and he knew that Simeon Green was not a man to set traps for his fellow-creatures.

A few nights afterwards, a timid knock was heard at Simeon's door, just as the family were retiring to rest. When the door was opened, Joe Smith was seen on the steps, with a load of hides on his shoulders. Without raising his eyes, he said in a low humble tone, "I have brought them back, Mr. Green. Where shall I put them?"

"Wait a moment till I can light a lantern, and I will go to the barn with you," he replied. "Then you will come in, and tell me how it happened. We will see what can be done for you."

Mrs. Green knew that Joe often went hungry, and had become accustomed to the stimulus of gin. She therefore hastened to make hot coffee, and brought from the closet some cold meat-pie.

When they returned from the barn she said, "I thought you might feel better for a little warm supper, neighbor Smith." Joe turned his back towards her, and did not speak. He leaned his head against the chimney, and after a moment's silence, he said in a choked voice, "It was the first time I ever stole anything, and I have felt very bad about it. I do not know how it is. I did not think, once, I should ever come to be what I am. But I took to quarrelling, and then to

drinking. Since I began to go down hill, everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man that has offered me a helping hand. My wife is feeble, and my children starving. You have sent them many a meal, God bless you! and yet I stole the hides from you meaning to sell them the first chance I could get. But I tell you, Mr. Green, it is the first time I ever deserved the name of thief."

"Let it be the last, my friend," said Simeon, pressing his hand kindly.

"The secret shall remain between ourselves. You are young and can make up lost time. Come now, give me a promise that you will not drink one drop of intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ you, to-morrow, at good wages. Mary will see to your family early in the morning, and perhaps we may find some employment for them also. The little boy can at least pick up stones. But eat a bit now, and drink some hot coffee. It will keep you from wanting to drink anything stronger to-night. You will find it hard to abstain at first, Joseph; but keep up a brave heart, for the sake of your wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When you feel the need of coffee, tell my Mary, and she will always give it you."

Joe tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. He was nervous and excited. After an ineffectual effort to compose himself, he laid his head on the table, and wept like a child.

After a while, Simeon persuaded him to bathe his head in cold water, and he ate and drank with good appetite. When he went away, the kind hearted host said, "Try to do well, Joseph, and you shall always find a friend in me."

The poor fellow pressed his hand and replied, "I understand now how it is you kill bad neighbors."

He entered into Mr. Green's service the next day, and remained in it many years, an honest and faithful man.

There are annually consumed in, and exported from, Pittsburgh, Pa. 36,708,921 bushels of coal.

WHALING IN THE ARCTIC

AT SEA, Nov. 22d, 1852.

The great failure of the last season was occasioned by circumstances over which man had no control.—I followed along the verge of the ice from Cape Thadeus to St. Lawrence's Island, and so on along the eastern shore of the straits, until off Cape Prince of Wales—a distance of about 600 miles. We saw but few whales and these, as soon as the harpoon pierced their sides, would immediately sink below the surface, nor rise again until they had reached the ice-pack. We seldom saw one of them again unless the lance had reached his vitals, and he had poured out his crimson blood, in beautiful contrast with the elevated ice upon which it fell, and down the sides of which it run in streams. Often, I have looked out upon the field of ice in clear weather, anxiously watching for clear water, and watching in vain. It was indeed a dark and a hard season. I thank God, in the great and unparalleled destruction of property, that so many human lives were spared. I felt as I gazed upon the great frozen ice-fields stretching far down to the horizon, that they were barriers placed there by Him to rebuke our anxious and over-weening pursuit of wealth.

The advantages of clipper ships in this dangerous service are sufficiently obvious, and their construction is an important improvement. Their quick passages out and home is a great advantage, but this is not all. They are better than a dull vessel, because they can cruise upon a whaling ground longer and take more oil than a dull ship, and then arrive at another ground as soon as she does. In actual whaling they have another advantage. They can work up to a whale that is turned up at a considerable distance to the windward, in a much shorter time, and the economy of time thus secured, may be the occasion of getting another whale.—Time is of the utmost importance, especially when there are whales in sight, and it requires no little judgment to improve it properly, and a whale is often lost, that would have

been saved, by a smart ship that could have worked up to him, before it shut in thick or blew hard. In a fresh breeze clippers can get round under double reefs, as fast as is necessary, and as fast as an ordinary ship under whole topsails—and this is a great advantage. In taking care of oil, the ship stands better up, can boil faster, stow down quicker, and do any kind of work with greater celerity. Thus in any given time, a considerable more work can be done on board a stiff clipper ship, than in an ordinary vessel, with the same number of men, and with less fatigue. Such a vessel would probably save more whales during the season. There is however in my opinion one great mistake made in building modern whalers—and that is deficiency of beam. Most of them are too narrow by several feet. This makes the deck room small and the ship limber—two very great faults. In the drafting of models, give them bearings somewhere, and place a large sampson post opposite the gangway, and if they cannot cut by the mast-head tackles they can by the cross deck tackles. I think the Cornelius Howland and the Arctic combine the most excellent and important qualities of any whalers that I have seen.

Perhaps this is as good a place as any to speak of that peculiar animal—the Polar Whale. This differs in form and movement materially from the right whale, although it resembles the latter more than it does any other species. In motion the polar whale is not unlike the sperm. Its adaptation to the frozen region which it inhabits is very remarkable. The thickness of the blubber, which is a great retainer of heat enables it to remain in the coldest water without in the least checking its powers or faculties. In fact this whale prefers water nearly at the freezing point.—Some of them exhibit great anxiety and haste to move north, although others linger further south during the season. The peculiar form of the head is admirably adapted for moving among ice, which it would for want of breath be absolutely impossible for any other

whale to do, since where the ice is close-packed and heavy, it would be impossible for them to raise themselves up to the surface, and as much so to get their spout holes above water, in the small cavities and blow holes in the ice, on account of the head, while the long bow head and high spout holes of the polar whale enables it to rise to the surface, and spout with ease, where a right whale could not find the air. Still I think the polar whale finds great difficulty sometimes in raising its spout holes above the water in these small cavities, and where the ice is very thick. This difficulty however is guarded against for it has the power of retaining its breath for a great period of time. They are many times much exhausted in passing under extensive fields of ice. On the 29th of June, 1851, I had reached King's Island by passing to the south and east of St. Lawrence Island, and had followed the ice along on about a north course from one island to the other. At four o'clock P. M., I discovered a number of spouts to the N. W. over two long points of ice extending a considerable distance from the main body and about eight miles distance, in a bay of clear water formed by ice. In fact, for about a mile in extent the air was constantly full of spouts. They remained in that position as long as it was sufficiently light to distinguish them.—From the unusually large and high spouting, it was evident that the whales were greatly exhausted from having come so far under the close-packed ice. They entered the ice from seventy miles to the east of Cape Thaddens to St. Lawrence's Island, and must have gone from one hundred to two hundred and fifty miles under the ice. I am confident there were no lagoons or openings in the ice with the exceptions of some small cavities or blow holes. The wind had been blowing from the south and east during June. This with the north-east current must have wedged the ice as close as possible, and no clear water was seen by ships that cruised along the verge of the ice, nor by those that worked their

way some distance in to it. H. M.'s ship *Enterprise* entered the ice near Cape Thaddens, crossed the Anadir Sea, through the Straits, and 140 miles north of the Diomedes without seeing any clear water, with the exception of a narrow strip on the west shore, north of Cape Chaplin. Capt. Colinson told me that he measured ice eighteen feet thick, and in some places it was so heavy and so closely packed, that he could scarcely make his way through it with his ship, and he was nearly a month in sailing that distance. The whales that passed up the North West Cape of St. Lawrence's Island. Their instinct must have taught them that there was clear water there and along the coast, and as I observed their course I was led to believe that there must be clear water in that vicinity, and that I should find whales there as I did. They had only stopped a short time to rest on their way into the Arctic after a tiresome passage under the ice. No other but the polar whale could possibly have made the passage under the ice for such a distance, and it must have been difficult even for that species. The breathing places are holes in the ice, or where two irregularly shaped cakes have left a small aperture about as large over as the breadth of a whales back. This would be about one-third his length, and extending as the ice does some ten or fifteen feet below the surface of the water, a whale, to raise his spout holes to the air, must almost double himself. I do not think as some do that they prefer the ice to clear water, although they are frequently found amongst large flows of open ice, appearing perfectly at home. I think this is owing to the abundant food which may be found where the ice flow is very large. When in the ice the whale is very still and moves easily. When I worked up towards the whales off King's Island I saw over the points of ice. It was midnight when we reached the spot and but three whales were seen. These were going quickly to the north. I sent two boats in pursuit, and two boats into the ice which was open,

so that they could work their way in for a mile, but not another whale was to be seen. This confirmed me in my opinion, that these whales stopped to rest when they got into clear water, but how long I am not able to determine. The ships *Hobomok* and *Ann* passed *Kings Island* one day in advance of me, saw a good many polar whales north of the *Diomedes*, going north fast along the verge of the ice, and from one point to another they followed on to *Point Hope*.— Their course was obstructed by the ice closing with the land, but the whales still kept on, affording another proof that clear and open sea did exist to the north of this cape notwithstanding the straits was nearly full, and the *Anadir Sea* at the time. I will resume this subject in my next.

—*N. B. Shipping List.*

[From the *Valparaiso Herald*.]

Capt. Snow's Report of the Loss of the Brig *Chatham*.

The brig *Chatham*, of San Francisco, Geo. F. Snow, master, sailed from San Francisco on the 6th of September, 1852, on a trading voyage to the Islands in the South Pacific Ocean. After having visited the *Marquesas*, *Society* and *Harvey Groups*, we left *Whytootacke* on the 28th of Dec. for San Francisco, with a full cargo of the produce of the islands. We stood to the northward until the morning of the 5th of Jan. 1853, when at 4.30 A. M. the land and breakers were descried close under the bows, and before the brig could be wore, she struck on the reef on the west side of a low sand island not laid down on any chart or in any book in my possession. I used every means to get the vessel off the reef, but she soon bilged. The natives by this time flocked to the beach and seemed to show every mark of a savage and hostile people, much to the consternation of us all on board. A consultation was held amongst us as to the best means to pursue; some were for fighting and some for trying to make friends with the natives; they dare not come on board, nor dare we go on shore. So I proposed to make every preparation for fight, and I would go on shore and

find out the disposition of the natives—which course was adopted. Every thing ready, I left the vessel for the shore across the reef, telling those on board if they saw me massacred, they then would know what fate awaited them. On my reaching the shore, the natives laid aside their spears and received me very kindly, kissed and caressed me, and as I afterwards learned, they thought me a curious specimen of the human being, for they had never seen a white man before. By this time the natives perceived there were many things in and about the vessel they very much needed, and they made a push for the vessel and stripped her of all movables they could lay hands on, nor did they stop here, but robbed us of every thing we attempted to save. They would not permit us to have anything at all; they even searched our clothes, and in some instances tore off the pockets in their eagerness to get the contents of them.

After they stripped the vessel, we were distributed amongst the people of the island, where we spent a most wretched night, expecting to be speared every moment. The weather was stormy, the houses very poor, and the natives yelling, passing and re-passing, armed with spears, kept sleep from our eyes. The next morning commenced our naturalization. We were all drawn together and armed with spears and marched off to the north end of the island, as we supposed to be there sacrificed to their gods, for they have many, but the training ended well, and we were each taken to our respective houses again. For several days this training was carried on, differing only as their modes of worship differ, according to which of the gods they worship. We then found out that we were considered supreme beings, and that we had nothing to fear as long as they thought so.

All we had to subsist on was the cocoa nut, and occasionally a bit of fresh fish. The island produces nothing but the cocoa nut, and the natives are both ignorant and indolent. I saw no marks of industry, except in their canoes, which are built for the

purpose of warfare; they are from fifty to seventy feet in length, and will carry from one to two hundred persons. I found the island to be a Lagoon island, composed of eighteen islands, and the inhabitants to amount to about 2500 natives. They are all over-run with rats and land crabs, so that it would be impossible to grow vegetation if planted. The natives worship idols, departed spirits of their own race, and have god-men, or a species of Pagan priest among themselves, whom they worship on particular occasions. Their mode of worship would be hard to describe; it begins with a sort of spear exercise, then a dance, then singing, crying and cutting themselves in a shocking manner across the breast, arms and face, with sharp shells, until they are a perfect gore of blood, and frightful to behold.

As soon as the weather and the natives would permit, I set about building a boat out of the yawl and fragments of the wreck, which took near six weeks to complete, and during this time I suffered in the extreme from the heat of the sun and hunger and thirst. The crew, roaming about, fared very well from the different tents.

The boat complete, I started with my mate, one seaman and a passenger, the boat's complement being four, to try to get somewhere to bring relief to the suffering crew, for by this time the natives began to think us a burthen to them; but the boat proved leaky and on the second day we were forced to return. We now waited for the rainy season to pass, and on March the 24th started for the Navigators Islands, if no relief could be got nearer. Knowing there was a pearl fishery at Humphrey's Island, I made for it, and on the 26th at 3 P. M., reached the island; the boat's crew consisted of myself, mate, second mate, and a passenger. As soon as the boat was on shore, the mate and passenger refused to go farther in the boat, consequently I was forced to remain until the 10th of August, when the English brig *Caroline Hort* touched at the island and took me off and to this port, where I arrived yesterday.

The Chatham and cargo were a total loss, but all persons were saved, and were in good health when I left the island, though the natives began to use them quite ill, and they probably now are, if alive, in great suffering, for by this time they can have no clothing at all, and cocoa nuts are scarce.

Vulparaiso, Sept, 28th, 1853.

The Liberal Waterman.

J. C. was a waterman, notorious for profaneness and mischief. A religious tract placed in his hands, was blessed of God, and the swearer became a religious man, as distinguished for his piety, as he had been for profaneness. Some years after, a brother having a little property, died; he had left some of his property to his relatives, and the residue, several hundred pounds, to religious institutions. By the statute of mortmain this request became forfeited.—Some of the Trustees of the Institutions waited as a deputation on J. C., and put him in full possession of the case. The poor man listened attentively, and then said, "I do nothing without consulting my wife." He and his 'better half' retired, and after due consideration, he intimated to his visitors, that he and his wife perceived that the law gave them the property, but that the Gospel did not; and as they now professed to live by the Gospel, they were ready to confirm the intentions of the donor. The gentlemen who had represented the Institutions, actuated by the same principles as the honest waterman, suggested that he was getting old, and might become unable to work, they should like to know what he had to make up by his labor, in addition to his annuity, to make himself and wife comfortable. He was at first reluctant to mention the amount, expressing his full reliance on Divine Providence; but on being urged to the statement, he at length yielded.—That he who had so nobly acted, might suffer no hazard of privation, the gentlemen undertook to supply him with that amount annually so long as he lived.

M.

Churchman's Monthly Magazine.

The Seamen's Home, St. John.

This enterprise, projected by the Rev. Mr. Harris, has become so successful, that it is found necessary to raise more funds, in order to extend its operations. The present building is entirely too small for the purpose—although when it was leased it was supposed to be large enough for many years to come. The demand for accommodations on the part of our hardy seamen, has not only been steady, but at times too pressing for the room at disposal. For weeks together a dozen and more applicants for "board" have been sent away, because the "Home" was already filled. The committee of Management in order to meet the desideratum, are about purchasing the "Sundall Property" at the corner of Britain and Charlotte Streets, not far from the present "home," the cost of which will be £3,400 (or thereabout)—it will also cost £600 more to put the building in suitable order. The size of the ground is 200 by 80 feet. There are several dwelling houses upon it, all of which are to be connected under the one head. Subscriptions to a large amount have already been collected of our merchants and others, by the indefatigable Secretary, Rev. Mr. Harris. Some names are down for £100—and Mr. H. expects to raise the full amount within a short time, as he meets with the best of encouragement. It seems to us that it would be the better plan instead of patching up the present wooden buildings, to raze them to the ground altogether, and rear a fabric of brick or stone, from the foundation—one that would be a credit to all concerned, as well as an ornament to the city. A Nautical School is to be connected with the Institution. We think that a building of this description, like a hotel, ought to be commenced and carried out in accordance with its peculiar wants and character. Commence right, and although a little more expensive at first, in the end the result will be much more satisfactory. Six hundred pounds is a large sum to expend upon a *temporary* building, or buildings, which in a very few years

must be taken down—to say nothing of the great danger of fire, which is a thing not to be disregarded—for this cause, like many others, no matter how good, has its enemies "lurking privily to do it mischief."—Surely the land ought to be security enough to enable the managers to raise money to make a good brick or stone commencement. But we believe that the legislature would aid the object, if applied to. Under any circumstances, however—wood or stone—we wish the Institution the most unbounded success. It has already done a vast deal of good to our shipping interests, and destined to do a great deal more as soon as it gets fairly under way.—*Morning News.*

Daniel a Model to Men of Business.

Daniel was a busy statesman. Darius had made him his chief minister. He had charge of the royal revenue, and was virtual ruler of the empire. But amidst all cares of office, he maintained his wonted practice of praying thrice a day. For these prayers nothing was neglected. The administration of justice was not standing still; the accounts did not run into confusion. There was no mutiny in the army, no rebellion in the provinces, from any mismanagement of his.—And though disappointed rivals were ready to found an impeachment on the slightest flaw, so wise, and prompt and impartial was his procedure, that they at last concluded, "We shall find no occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God." He found leisure to rule the realm of Babylon, and leisure to pray three times a day. Some would say that he must have been a first-rate business man, to find so much time for prayer. It would be nearer the truth to say that it was his taking so much time to pray which made him so diligent and successful in business. It was from God that Daniel got his knowledge, his wisdom and his skill. In the composure and serenity which these frequent approaches to God imparted to his spirit, as well as in the supernatural sagacity and forethought, and power of arrangement, which God gave in direct

answer to his prayers, and he had a decided advantage over those men who, refusing to acknowledge God in their callings, vexing themselves in vain, and who, when the fret and worry and sweltering of their jaded day is done, find that they have accomplished less, and that little far more painfully, than their wiser brethren, who took time to pray. The man must be busier than Daniel who has not time to pray, and wiser than Daniel who can do what Daniel did without prayer to help him. Daniel was in a place where prayer was eminently needful. He was in Babylon, a place of luxury and revelry, and from his position in society he was peculiarly exposed to the idolatrous and voluptuous temptations around him. It was difficult, and ere long it it was dangerous, to maintain his singularity. But so far as there was any seduction in the pleasures of that luxurious and wicked city, prayer kept him separate; and so far as there was any danger in withholding countenance from the idol-orgies, prayer made him bold. Though the clash of cymbals and the shouts of the revellers were coming in at the window they did not disturb his devotion; and though he had not forgotten the King's decree and his lions' den, he did not choose the lattice, nor try to conceal his faith and his worship, and secure alike from spiritual detriment and personal danger, the Lord hid his praying servants in the hollow of his hand.

A sea captain "down East," a regular old salt, relates the subjoined as one of his fishing experiences:

Once with a friend he went out to catch halibut. His comrade prided himself on his skill in the business, and a rivalry rose between the two friends as to which should capture the first fish. Having dropt anchor and lines they waited with fishermen's patience for a bite; but for a long time none came. At length the countenance of the captain's companion began to lighten up; and presently he called out—

"I've got one!" He commenced hauling in with great vigor. "It must be a large one," said he, "a hundred pound fellow, at least. He pulls stoutly, I tell you!"

It was indeed evident that a big fellow was at the other end of the line, and it was soon discovered that it was to be no easy matter to capture him.

"I must let him run," said he "and tire him out."

Accordingly, he gave him line, which was carried off rapidly. Soon the excited fisherman began to haul in again, making sure of his victim this time.

"Stand by, captain!" said he, "with the boat hook, and hook him in the gills when he comes up. Get well braced, for he's a rouser!"

The captain accordingly braced himself for a tug, boat-hook in hand, and waited impatiently for the moment of capture. His excited comrade was yet pulling carefully and slowly, at the line, lest it should be broken, and eagerly watching for the first appearance of the prize, when, suddenly a sea change came over his features, and dropping the line he exclaimed:

"*Je-ru-salem! Captain, it is the anchor!*"

The Captain went down in a shower of laughter, and it was a long day before the fisherman heard the last of catching an anchor, "paying it out and letting it run till it got tired."

PROPOSALS FOR AN INLAND SEA.

The interior of Australia—a barren sandy desert—has been found to be considerably below the level of the sea. It is now proposed to employ British convicts in cutting a narrow canal from the ocean to the desert, a distance of about 150 miles, when it is expected that the rush of water would be so great as to widen the canal and cause the formation of an inland sea almost as large as the Mediterranean, to the incalculable benefit of a vast extent of territory at present wholly useless.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

Noble Conduct of an American Captain.

The Mauritius (Isle of France) Mercantile Gazette, contains an account of the British bark Meridian, from London for Sydney, on the Island of Amsterdam, latitude 39 S., lon. 78 E. The Meridian struck on a rock on the southern end of the Island, on the 24th of August. Her bottom fell out, and she keeled over to an angle of 45°. Fortunately it was high water, and the parts held together until the crew and passengers, 105 in number, got upon the cliff. Among the passengers were 17 women and 46 children, all of whom passed six days on the barren rocks, sheltered only by a piece of canvass. The shipwrecked parties were beginning to experience the sufferings of famine, when they were discovered by the American whaler-ship Monmouth, of Cold Spring, Long Island, commanded by Captain Isaac Ludlow.

Captain Ludlow finding it impossible to approach the spot where the unfortunates were gathered, made signals to them to cross to the other side of the island. This was a work of such extreme difficulty and danger as to require a journey of three days for its accomplishment. They felt that their labors were rewarded, however, on the 4th day, when they found themselves once more treading the planks of a stout ship, surrounded by a circle of humane and generous Yankee sailors, and their wants ministered to. Captain Ludlow immediately sailed for Mauritius, where he arrived after a seventeen days'

voyage. After landing, the persons saved held a meeting and passed resolutions expressing their grateful sense of his noble conduct. The Chamber of Commerce met, and voted that £130 be remitted to London for the purpose of procuring a piece of plate with a suitable inscription, to be forwarded to the family of Captain Ludlow.

By this act of humanity, Captain Ludlow lost a season for whaling around a coast where he would probably have taken 500 or 600 barrels of oil; but he saved the lives of 105 human beings. Such an instance of genuine self-sacrificing humanity on the part of its sons, contributes more to the honor and glory of a country, than would a successful battle in a war of conquest.

DISASTERS.

For want of room we are obliged to leave out a large number of disasters including the melancholy loss of the steam ship San Francisco.

A letter from Cape Island, Cape May Co., New-Jersey, dated Dec. 4 P. M. says. The schr. Memento Hammond, bound from Baltimore to New-York, after remaining at the Breakwater a week, started on Saturday for her destination, but striking on Uncle Eph's Shoal the same night, and it being ascertained that she was filling rapidly, the captain ran her ashore at Cape Island.

Br. brig Orestes, Bursal, bound from Turk's Islands for New-York, went on the reef off Egg Harbor 24th Nov., and after lightening her by

throwing overboard part of her cargo of salt, got into deep water, when she almost immediately sunk in four fathoms water.

Pensacola, Nov. 17.

The Br. brig Juverna, Capt. Cunningham, from Kingston, Ja. for New York, is wrecked on the beach on Rose Island, 40 miles from this place.

Schr. Corinna, from New-Bedford, Nov. 4th, for Satilla River, Geo., went ashore in Currituck County, N. C., night of 6th, and on the morning 8th, bilged and filled with water.

Ship Sea Lion, at this port from Hamburg, experienced heavy westerly gales on the passage. Nov. 13th, passed schr. Maderia, of Prospect, dismasted and abandoned.

Ship Bengal, Bray, of Newburyport, which sailed from Cadiz Oct. 6th, for Beverly, on the 19th, in a violent gale, sprung a leak, and the water gaining on the pumps, bore away for Fayal. On the 23d, the water gaining, notwithstanding 200 tons salt having been thrown overboard, and it being impossible to get at the leak, which was found to be low down, near the stern post, to stop it, and the crew having become exhausted, was compelled to run the ship ashore on St. Michael.

Whale ship Marcus, Sherman, of Fairhaven, with 900 bbls. was lost in the ice near East Cape, Arctic Ocean, the 1st September.

Brig Nancy Pratt, of and from Gloucester, which went ashore on Cape Romain, worked deeply into the sand and became a total loss.

Schr. Franklin, from San Francisco, went ashore Oct. 31st on the bar in Tomales Bay, and with her cargo became a total loss.

Schr. Danube, of Augusta, Me., from Savannah for Baltimore, was abandoned at sea, no date, waterlogged. The crew were taken off by schr. T. O. Thompson, and taken to Norfolk.

LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP WINFIELD SCOTT.—The telegraph from New Orleans announces the loss of this fine steamer while on her passage from San Francisco to Panama.

Schr. Melrose, from Florida for New York, with a cargo of lumber, is reported by telegraph from Charleston, to have been lately consumed by fire, near Saltilla, Florida.

Brig Julia Ann at this port from Nassau, Florida, reports: 17th Nov. passed the wreck of schr. Jacob Longfellow, waterlogged and abandoned.

Ship Maine, which went ashore on Pond Island Bar 19th Nov., has gone to pieces.

The following vessels drove ashore at Inagua in a gale 21st Nov., and all would prove a total loss: Barque Prospect, Brown, of and from New York; brigs Ann Elizabeth, of Philadelphia, Vance, from New York for New Orleans; Henry Woodis, Bunker, from Demerara, of and for Norfolk, and Br. brig Lapwing, from Jamaica, of and for Halifax. Captain Kenney and mate came passengers in the J. E. Bowley, at Holmes's Hole 21st instant, from Cape Haytien; also a part of the crew of the barque Prospect, and brig Henry Woodis.

Ship Rattler is ashore near Currituck Inlet, and is like to prove a total loss.

Brig Etolia, drove ashore at Turk's Islands in a gale 12th Nov., bilged, and would be a total loss.

Bre. barque Amaranth, at this port from Bremen, reports: Nov. 14th, passed the wreck of Brig August, of Mayport, waterlogged and abandoned; had a black cross on the stern.

Brig Shamrock, from New Orleans for Savannah, went ashore in heavy weather night of 23d of Nov., about 80 miles west of Havana, going on with a heavy swell.

Barque Olive Branch, from Baltimore for California, ran ashore off Ireland Point, Bermuda, 27th Nov., it blowing a severe gale at the time from the north.

Br. Brig Victor, from Turks Islands for New York, was dismasted 24th Nov., and abandoned at West Caycas Island. Two of the crew were put on board a vessel bound to Charleston, and four others on board brig Catharine & Mary, of and for Boston from Port-au-Prince.

Ship Samuel M. Fox, at this port from Havre, has had westerly gales from Nov. 21 to Dec. 2. Nov. 25th, fell in with the barque Lady Knight, of Portland, Choate, from Glasgow, bound to Boston, in a sinking condition, the Captain and crew requesting to be taken off; blowing a gale at the time could not lower a boat down, but laid by her all night; 26th, at noon, the gale moderating, sent a boat and took off the captain and crew, (thirteen in number) and brought them to this port. Capt. Choate, of the Lady Knight, expresses his warmest thanks to Capt. Ainsworth, his officers and crew, for the kindness himself and crew experienced from them while on board the Samuel M. Fox.

Columbian brig Orinoco arrived at this port 15th Dec., reports: 1st Dec. took off the crew and passengers of the Prince Albert, bound to Hamburg, she having sprung a leak the first day out, and was in a sinking condition when fallen in with.

Schr. Falcon, Dyer, hence from Addison, Me., went ashore 7th Dec. on the rocks on Race Point, west end of Fisher's Island, and it is feared will be a total loss.

Schr. Belle, hence 7th Dec. for Pembroke, Me., was run into off Black Rock, on the evening of the 7th, and is a total loss.

Schr. Rio, Capt. Geo. Harrick, from Darien, Geo., for New York, was capsized in the gale of the 10th Dec. off Cape Hatteras. The crew, after being on the wreck 48 hours, were taken off by the schr. Pauline, and carried into New-Berne, N. C.

Schr. Petrel, at Baltimore from Spanish Main, reports: 12th Dec. fell in with brig J. L. Whipple, Geyer, of Boston, dismasted and waterlogged; took off the captain, mate, and four seamen, who saved nothing but what they stood in, and had been clinging to the wreck for forty-eight hours, without food or water, with a heavy gale blowing.

Ship Island City, from New Orleans for New York, was abandoned at sea, 12th Dec. in a sinking condition, having sprung a leak in a severe gale from the north. The ship's com-

pany was picked up by barque Leroy, Capt. Hallowell, of Warren, Me., and landed at Holmes's Hole, from whence they took passage in steamer Massachusetts to New Bedford.

Schr. Bloomer was lost 10th Dec., 12 miles below St. John's Bar, Flor.

Br. brig Undine, from Philadelphia for —, went ashore near Ycaio, off Cardenas, night of 8th or 9th Dec., bilged, and would be a total loss.]

Schr. Clifford, from Boston for Rockland, run into the schr. Gov. Arnold, of Thomaston, Thompson, from Calais for Boston, 7th December, about 12 miles off Cape Elizabeth. The Clifford sunk in the course of an hour. The crew were taken off by the Gov. Arnold, but everything else was lost.

Schr. Wm. F. Mercer, from Florida for Philadelphia, was totally lost on Smith's Island, Va., night of 9th Dec. The crew were rescued.

Brig Typee, from Eastport for Philadelphia, went ashore on Absecom recently, and was broken up.

The New Orleans Picayune of the 9th Dec. publishes the following: — "Capt. Lanfear, of brig Wm. R. Kibbey, which arrived here yesterday from Turk's Islands, reports the ship France, from New York for this port, went ashore on Salt Cay, Turk's Islands, on the 24th Nov., and is a total wreck. The captain and crew were saved, and remained by the wreck for the purpose of stripping her.

Br. ship Beejapore, at this port from Chinha Islands, reports: Dec. 14th, passed Schr. Danube, of Augusta, water-logged and abandoned.

Barque M. E. Trout, at this port from New Orleans, reports: Dec. 14, saw the wreck of the brig Montilla, of Ellsworth, dismasted and abandoned.

Ship Abby Pratt, Bearse, from Calcutta Aug. 13 for Boston, went ashore 16th, Dec. on south side Nantucket Shoals. The captain and crew left her in their boats same evening, and landed at Nantucket. The ship when abandoned, had four feet water in her hold, and the rudder was gone.

New York, January, 1854.

GRAVE STATEMENTS.

ARE THEY TRUE?

Says a shipmaster in New York, "The sailors in this great emporium of commerce are no better now than they were twenty or thirty years ago." An officer declares them to be "worse." A merchant remarked the other day, "it's of no use to try any more to save them. Heedless and headlong they will be: to destruction they must go, for aught I can see." "Just so," added a ship-owner, "sailors will be sailors. I have given them up long ago."

These and similar statements extend beyond the locality of New York. They characterize the mass of seamen; they sweep as broad as the ocean, for New York sailors are Liverpool sailors, Canton sailors, the world's sailors; and the world's sailors are in New York.

Are they unqualifiedly true? Have the efforts put forth to improve their social and moral condition during the last quarter of a century been in vain? Are those living, to say nothing of the dead, none the better for the Homes which have been established for their protection and comfort? None the better for the gospel preached to them at home and abroad; for the Bibles and good books put into their hands, and the multiplied appliances designed and adapted to make them good men?

And in relation to them, would it be no calamity to have a succession of messengers, like Job's, come in announcing, "Behold, there came a great wind from the wilderness and smote the four corners" of all the Sailors' Homes and Bethels! "The fire of God is fallen from Heaven and hath burned up" all their Bibles and good books! And whatever the wind and the fire left the Sabeans and the Chaldeans have carried away! Such announcements would be no calamity if these various means are doing them no present or prospective good.

But these broadcast statements are not true. Platoons of icebergs annually march down from the north pole. Passengers and sailors in crossing and re-crossing the ocean look upon their massive sides and towering heights and pronounce them beyond the reach of any subduing influence as the seated hills. And because about the same time in each year, they find them mountainous and frosty in about the same latitude, they get the impression they are the same they saw before, and "no better than they were twenty or thirty years ago." Icebergs they are and icebergs they must remain.

But they forget that they never see the same platoon twice; that one files off for the Western Islands, another direct for the Equator, and another

for "Cork and a market;" while the gulf-stream temperature and a torrid sun either melt their icy hearts, or sink them in the ocean depths. The subdued ones are lost sight of.

So many look upon sailors; they see the roughest and hardest specimens of humanity in a crew, and overlook all the rest. A few fellows of the basest sort foaming out their shame attract more attention than a city full of the quiet and orderly, and those few are the marked samples of the whole.

Sailors no better than formerly! Let the thousands who will no more put intoxicating liquor in their lips, than put live coals in their bosoms—let the tens of thousands of dollars deposited by them in Savings Banks—let the large numbers which patronize their temperance boarding houses—let their increasing desire for Bibles and good books—let the many pious praying seamen, the epistles of the gospel known and read of all men—let such facts as these answer such assertions.

Let, at the same time, the whole truth be told. *Worse sailors doubtless never existed.* Drunken, untruthful, incompetent; they are the sweepings of prisons and gutters, thieves and vagabonds; a vexation to masters and officers and a curse to their profession. Of late their number has seemed to increase. Some entire crews are mostly composed of such materials. They are no more like the sailors of former times than modern dandies resemble the heroes of revolutionary times; and some of them are no sailors at all. The most they know is that *somehow* they have been shipped as able seamen, and are expected to do their duty, when they cannot distinguish between a main-top-sail and a jib; or if they happen to understand the ropes, they are

physically incompetent to perform duty. No marvel that masters and officers, and ship-owners too, complain of such men. And it is not strange that some have the impression that sailors are growing worse instead of better. But there are reasons for all this; reasons over and beyond the common depravity of men.

THE REASONS.

1. *One reason is found in the practice of paying advance wages.* The effect on the sailors is to make them improvident, dishonest, vicious, and dissatisfied. It puts them and keeps them under the power of the sailor-landlords who steep them in abominable liquors and swindle them out of their money. Thus the advance is a double curse; it ruins the seamen, and sustains a class of men who deserve, as the mildest punishment humanity could inflict, to be hewn to stone or pick oakum in the Penitentiary the remainder of their days.

2. *Another reason is found in the manner of shipping men.* They are shipped like bales of cotton or barrels of beef, at one dollar per head. They are shipped at some ports "by the run," instead of by the month, giving them a large advance, and thus holding out every inducement for them to leave the ship the first port they enter.

3. *Another reason is the want of a fair remuneration.* The advance is in reality no part of it, for this the landshark gets. At the present time seamen's wages may be sufficiently high; but they have been so low as to deter many of the best young men from going to sea; or if they have gone, they have looked beyond the fore-castle for a chance to make as good a living as on the land. Hence so many of the lame and lazy, the halt and blind now on the ship's articles.

4. *Another reason is the haste in getting to sea and the passion for quick voyages.* Instead of making due preparation in respect to the men; the crew must be picked up and hurried aboard the very day of sailing. "Hurra there! hurry up those men. Stand by to cast off that line. Hurra there!" And the men are hurried up, and when examined for sea service, if none of them are found to be actually dead, one half of them are mere fragments of mortality, and a portion of the remaining half stupidly stare at the novelty of their first voyage at sea. Thus the shipping master has furnished a crew of *able seamen!*

But the voyage *must be made in the quickest possible time.* The owners expect it. The reputation of the master and officers requires it. Now comes the urgency of driving; and who that knows anything about it, does not pity both the drivers and the driven! If there chance to be a few good men in that ship, is it likely they will knowingly put themselves with such shipmates under such commanders a second time? It has long been notorious that the best men will not go in certain packet lines.

5. *Another reason is the great scarcity of seamen.* This has been occasioned by the reluctance of owners and masters in years past to take boys or green hands, by the rapid growth of commerce, and by the pecuniary inducements to young men to remain ashore or leave the sea.— But whatever the cause, the scarcity exists; and to supply the demand anything which could stand on two legs, and some that could not stand have been shipped. These are some of the reasons for the cry of "bad men;"—"sailors worse than ever before."

THE REMEDY.

1. Let the shipowners and masters unite in an agreement to *pay no more advance wages*, and give the men at least as good a pecuniary consideration as their services would command on the land. Those going to sea destitute of suitable clothing can be equitably and comfortably supplied from a slop chest on board under the direction of the Captain.

2. Let the seamen ship themselves, or good boarding-house keepers agree to see such on board as their respective houses furnish without compensation, and let each sailor who ships himself receive in an increase of wages an equivalent for not receiving an advance.

3. Let each ship take at least one boy, or one green hand for each 100 tons of her measurement.

4. Let good schools be established and sustained to train boys and young men for the sea.

5. Let profane and cruel commanders cease cursing their men, and treat them as human beings.

6. Let all keepers of Sailor-Boarding Houses, be legally licensed only on condition that no intoxicating liquors shall be furnished in such houses.

7. Let the means now employed for improving the condition and character of seamen be amended and enlarged in every possible way, and energetically carried out.

HOT CORN.

LIFE SCENES IN NEW YORK, Illustrated: Including the story of Little Katy, Madalina, the rag Picker's Daughter, Wild Maggie, &c., by Solon Robinson. Published by Dewitt & Davenport, 160 and 162 Nassau St., New York.

We have received and read with attention and much interest, a volume of 408 pages with the above title.

We hail the chief tendencies of the book, as conspicuous signs of better times coming. The thrilling facts narrated, for facts they are, many of them, though in the dress of fiction must awaken in the opulent, the fashionable and the more virtuous middle classes a deeper sympathy for the sorrows of the poor.

Perhaps even those who have prayed and labored most for the reform and elevation of the outcasts, have possessed a little of the Pharisaic spirit that fears contamination from contact; that attributes the difference between the virtuous and the vile, rather to a deeper inherent depravity of the heart, than to a simple difference in the circumstances.

If there is a difference between us and other men, we may thank God not so much for the difference, as for the parentage, education and the restraining grace that hath caused it. No one can read the book without having a more kindly feeling for those little pedler and beggar boys and girls which throng our streets, and which later in life fill our abodes of infamy and shame with their wretched inmates.

The book is a convincing and soul stirring argument for the "Maine Law." From our own sphere of operation among the lowly and outcast of the sea, we were prepared to sympathize with the movements the book advocates.

With the exhibition of the genius and talent of the author which we admire, and the strong and good tendencies of the work which we highly approve, there are other tendencies we think, though undesigned which we sincerely regret. We fear the tendencies of the descriptions in the 12th chapter on the warm imaginations of the young. We would not put that chapter into

the hands of our children and youth. We regret it had not been left out or cast in a different mould, besides there is not the same appearance of simple fact as in other descriptions in the volume.

While the author confines his descriptions to the "Old Brewery," and "Cow Bay," and "Cale Jones Grocery," sin has so nearly wrought out its results, death, that there is something in it well adapted to deter men from approaching that door, which is the gate of Hell; but when he describes the snares and traps laid by the more vile, in the more fashionable and splendid dens of a more alluring and refined vice, the end, the dreadful end is not so full in view. The tendency, we fear, on the youthful imagination, is what is best described by the Poet.

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face;
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The author has failed too, we think, in his attempts to exhibit an evangelical penitence and a true faith, in some of his reformed subjects; that which must lie at the foundation of all real and permanent reformation and a course Heavenward..

Sufferings and Deaths in the Sea.

The last days of 1853 and the first of 1854 will long be memorable for the GREAT SNOW STORM, and the sufferings and deaths thereby occasioned on shore and at sea. Scores of bereaved families will read this sad record with tears. More than *one hundred* vessels driven ashore by the storm, many of which have become a total loss, have been reported in the daily papers.

A gentleman from Provincetown, before the voice of the storm was hushed, said, there are vessels ashore on all parts of the Cape, and that

twenty lives are known to be lost. Parts of wrecks are all the time drifting ashore of vessels that must have been swamped in the gale, and whose crews doubtless perished. There has never before been known such distress on the shores of Cape Cod.

The following may be cited as specimens of destruction to the shipping, and of the loss of human life: The Schooner Mail, from New York for Princetown lost three of her men, but one was saved; Capt. Skinner of brig Wm. M. Rogers reports seeing a Schooner go ashore on Race Point, and *all hands perish!* Schooner Water Witch from Florida for Boston lost her mate and one man; Schooner Kingfisher lost overboard Ephraim Homer, of Camden, Me. Another Schooner is ashore near the Light and all hands are supposed to be lost; Barque Elizabeth, Capt. Strout, from Matanzas, via Holmes Hole, for Boston, went ashore in the night. The Captain succeeded with great difficulty in landing with his wife in the morning, but *she perished in his arms* on the beach, and their little child, which was lashed in the rigging, *froze to death!* There are no less than twenty lives reported to be lost in the vicinity of Cape Island, New Jersey. Schooner Moselles from Boston for Virginia was wrecked off Newport, and all hands lost. The crew of four persons were seen struggling in the sea, and one man was nearly ashore, so near that a person on the beach reached a long pole, the only thing that could be found, towards him, and he tried to reach it himself but all in vain.

Schooner Mount Vernon, of Westport, Me., with hard pine lumber, is wrecked on the east shore at Wellfleet; all hands but one lost. The Captain was taken out of the cabin dead.—Vessel will be a total loss.

But the worst disaster of all occurred to the splendid Packet Ship Staffordshire of and for Boston from Liverpool, with about two hundred souls on board, mostly Irish Emigrants. On Friday morning last she struck on Blonde Rock, near the Seal Islands in the vicinity of Cape Sable and became a perfect wreck, and out of the two hundred persons on board *one hundred and eighty were lost!* including Capt. Richardson, and it is feared his wife also.

A vessel named Mary was also wrecked not far from Newport, R. I. The crew suffered almost everything short of death, in their long exposure after the vessel struck. In the morning, while the sea was breaking over them, they sent one man across the creek which separated them from the main land, to search for a house, which the Captain knew was there. Of what followed, the Providence Journal says:—

He was gone so long that they feared he was lost in the snow, and the mate went for him. He found him in the house, which was uninhabited and without fire. The poor fellow was overcome with the sleepiness which precedes death by cold; he had taken off his clothes and was lying down, thinking that he was going to bed. The mate succeeded in arousing him, and the two returned to the rest of the party. The Captain had taken off his oil skin clothes, and soon began to show similar symptoms. He said that he could not swim, and asked them to go to the beach for a rope to help him across the creek. When they came back he was dead.

For further particulars we must refer to our sad lists of Marine Disasters. *The Sea hath spoken.* It is the voice of God; calling the seamen to prayer, and penitence, and preparation to meet Him, and calling the friends of seamen to prompt and persevering efforts to save their souls from death.

Marine Temperance Society.

The Marine Temperance Society of the port of New York, (Captain Daniel Tracy, President,) will hold a meeting at the Mariner's Church, Roosevelt-st., every *Tuesday* evening, and at the Sailor's Home, 190 Cherry street, every *Wednesday* evening until further notice.

Seamen of all nations, as well as their friends, are cordially invited to attend.

Addresses may be expected from shipmasters, seamen and others.

L. P. HUBBARD, Sec'y.

January 1, 1854.

Chaplain to Seamen at St. Helena.

By a recent arrival we learn that the Port Charges and Regulations at St. Helena have been amended greatly in favor of the many vessels touching there for supplies, so that the number will be likely to increase; and that in Oct. the Rev. Dr. Bertram arrived in his island home under commission from the American Seaman's Friend Society to minister to their men in spiritual things.

The Noble Sailor's Conduct and its Result.

When John Lovejoy left the hill country of Connecticut for the sea about one year ago, he carried with him the written counsels of his pious mother. Her heart was too full for utterance in any other way. She reminded him of the instructions he had received from his earliest years; entreated him to read and pray over the Bible she put in his hand; to touch not, taste not, handle not the inebriating cup, and avoid every thing injurious to his character, and which would cause grief to her. These counsels he had the wisdom to heed, not only as coming from her, but as

in accordance with his own sense of right, and the teachings of the word of God. Consequently he was everywhere respected and beloved.

On the 6th of March last he sailed in the ship *Advance*, Capt. Child, who after having had him under his command nearly eight months, thus speaks of him:—"I always found him an active and attentive young man, and very much esteemed by all on board. If he had not been lost we should have made him 2d Mate the next voyage."

"Lost!" that young man of 19 years and 25 days lost! Yes, lost to his ship, and lost to his friends, but we trust he was a man of prayer, and saved by grace. His mother's letter was found, not on file with others, but carefully folded in his Bible.—Early one morning a deck passenger fell overboard, and the noble act which cost him his life is thus briefly related in a note from the Master and Chief Officer:

"On the morning of the 2d of November at 7:30 A. M. in Long. 24° West and Lat. 48° North there was a cry of "A man overboard!" when Lovejoy ran aft and jumped after him with the intention of rescuing him. We brought the ship to the wind, and got a boat out immediately; but it was of no avail. He was drowned before the boat could reach him."

ARTHUR CHILD, *Master*.

STEPHEN C. McLELLAN, *Ch. Offic'r*.

SWEDISH SAILOR MISSIONARY'S REPORT.

During the past three months I have been engaged as usual in visiting the Seamen on board of their vessels and boarding-houses, as also in families residing in this place. I have endeavored to do my duty, as the Lord has given me ability, in exhorting, admonishing and reproving,

with all meekness and long suffering, as circumstances seemed to require. A goodly number of Bibles and New Testaments, both in the Swedish and Norwegian languages, have during the quarter been circulated among Seamen, together with several thousand copies of religious Tracts. Depraved as our seamen generally are, yet it is evident that good has been done among them. In my intercourse with them, I frequently meet with such cases, that ~~will~~ make the hearts of angels and all good men to rejoice. Yea, thanks be to God! It is not now a rare case to meet with stout-hearted seamen who are anxiously inquiring the way to Zion, and others who repeatedly pass on in the right course for the New Jerusalem.

We have in fact, among all our colonies, quite interesting times at present in Sweden. More than one hundred petitions, from all parts of the land, with several thousand signatures, have been brought in to the King, to have a law formed for suppressing the use of spirituous liquors; which now seems to have come to such awful height, that it cannot be borne by the nation much longer. I have for one been busy in collecting signatures, and have by this means had opportunity to converse on the subject of religion and temperance, with persons that I could not otherwise approach. We hope and pray, that this may result in the banishment of that cursed drink from our land.

Very interesting and extensive revivals of religion are in progress in different parts of the land, but those who desire to follow Christ, have to experience the hazard of the sea of the serpent. Up in the northern parts and in Dalcarlia, several have had to pay heavy fines for the crime

of having associated together to worship God in private houses.—Some have been fined until they had no property left, and have afterwards been imprisoned on bread and water. In one case that punishment has been inflicted several times, and at one time 28 days, which is considered one of the hardest of punishments. But notwithstanding these severities, the work of grace goes forward. In the Province of *Sma-land*, a poor tailor has been the means of gathering a number of souls to Christ. He was apprehended and brought before the Consistory, the Bishop asked him how he knew that he was born again? The man replied with asking the Bishop: are you a teacher in Israel and knowest not this? This question proved to be an arrow from the quiver of God, which fastened deep in the heart of the wretched Bishop. Instead of persecuting the poor followers of Christ, he is now protecting them to the utmost of his power, and is zealous in preaching the faith he once sought to destroy. Thus the Lord can meet Saul in the way, now, as well as in days of old.

The Mormons are also spreading, but our authorities seem to take no notice of this heresy. That which is really evil they suffer to pass on without opposition, persecuting that which they ought to protect.

The cholera is also raging; daily claiming her victims from amongst us. May all this be the means of awakening us up from our sleep of death, that we may find life, even eternal life in Christ: I commend myself to your christian affection, and remain your humble servant,

E. BARNESON
Sailor Missionary.

Gothenburg, Sept. 23, 1853.

VALPARAISO CHAPLAINCY.

VALPARAISO, NOV. 28, 1853.

DEAR BROTHER: Again I am permitted through the kind dealings of our Heavenly father to send you a brief account of my labors in this port for two months. Oct. 1st, I went to the hospital this morning and found Mr. Fogg dying. He said that he was ready—that he was going home—that he had peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. He spoke of his friends in Massachusetts, and said: "O that I could see them, and tell them what a hope I have." I read the scriptures and prayed with him, and felt that I stood on the verge of heaven. And when I bid him farewell; as the dark waters of death appeared to close over him, and the world recede from his view, his exit from this world appeared to be an abundant entrance into the everlasting Kingdom of our Lord, and Saviour Jesus Christ. Death never appeared so lovely, or so desirable as now.—Mr. Fogg died on the day following in full prospect of eternal life. I gathered the patients in a room, as many as were able, and read the scriptures to them, and tried to improve the occasion by expounding a portion of the same, and concluded with prayer.

On the following day, Rev D. Trumbull and myself attended the burial, there were several present from the hospital.

Oct. 9. I went on board of the bark Henry Chapman, and preached to about twenty-two persons from these words: "If ye know these things happy are ye if ye do them." The spirit of God appeared to be present in a very eminent manner. At the conclusion of the service, there were many who shed tears; and among them were some of the unconverted. In the

afternoon I went to the hospital and conversed and prayed with the patients. 10th, I again went to the hospital, and conversed and prayed with some of the sick. I found some of the patients engaged in playing cards. They appeared quite embarrassed for a time, but I told them that I had a few books of a better kind than theirs; then I entered into a conversation with them for half an hour, and gave away two Bibles and departed.

Oct. 12. I went on the bay in the forenoon, visited the Henry Chapman, Capt. Fordyce, who had sold five dollars worth of books for me. Capt. F. is very kind and Christian-like in his manners. Then I went to the screw steamer Caroline. This vessel was sent out in search of Sir John Franklin, and when she arrived in this port, the crew deserted, and also the Engineer; and another crew could not be obtained in time for the steamer to proceed on her voyage this season. Capt. Kenneday is a very affable gentleman, and is one of the fearless hardy kind of men who is well adapted to the work of searching the polar seas. But the noblest trait of his character is that he is a Christian. 16, Sabbath. I went to the bark Bethoven, and preached to a small but attentive congregation.—The blessing of God appeared to attend his word. Then I went to the Sabbath School, and in the afternoon to the American and English hospitals, and conversed and prayed with some of the patients. On the following Sabbath I went again to the Bethoven and preached to a small but attentive congregation. Capt. Capp is an Episcopalian, and in the absence of a clergyman, he holds service on his vessel every Sabbath. I have found many Masters who

do the same thing. Four days since there was a man brought into the hospital by the name of C., son of Capt. William C. of Boston. He is dangerously ill with acute dysentery. He appears penitent. He came near death, but subsequently recovered, and now bids fair in spite of all his vows, to turn again to sin, and forget God. When he was most dangerously ill, I visited him twice a day and prayed with him each time.

Sabbath, Oct. 30.—I went on the Bay and preached to about twenty persons. The divine blessing appears still to rest on his word. In the afternoon I went to the hospital and conversed with the patients and prayed with them. Mr. C— appears to have lost all sense of penitency, and sorrow for sin, and is gradually returning to a worldly spirit. So true is it that affliction cannot change the heart, and if we do not profit by it we are left harder than before it occurred.

Nov. 4.—I visited on the Bay; among others was the crew of the *Bethoven*, where I had a lengthy conversation with the carpenter of the vessel. He confessed that he was a backslider, and felt the need of pardon. I told him of salvation by repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. I left him in the evening apparently penitent. James Capp, the Master of this vessel, should be noticed as a christian and a gentleman. He has afforded me every facility for holding meetings on his vessel, by coming himself, and by encouraging others to attend. He is a bright example for others of his profession. My heart bleeds for the poor seamen. They are almost universally subjected to a system of tyranny if not as unprincipled, yet as unmerciful as that of the

most abject state of slavery. They may leave one vessel, it is true, but they go to another to find equally as bad, if not worse treatment than where they served last. Mr. James Fogg was a victim to the cruel treatment of a master with whom he sailed on the Atlantic coast, and then a victim to the abused authority of the maritime laws of the United States, in this port, which caused his death! Of this I have no doubt, and if I could obtain testimony that would bear me out in doing so I would give the names of the guilty parties. I have for some time been impressed with the neglected condition of the sick at the hospital. The condition of the sick here demands the attention of the United States Government. The salary of the Physician attending here is quite too small; so the patients cannot receive that care and attention that their situation demands. Lately I made a small collection, upwards of thirty dollars, and hired extra service for a man whose case was much worse than the rest. But the Government should immediately take measures to have the hospital repaired; and also increase the pay of the attending Physician, and provide a competent Superintendent to reside at the hospital, and see that the sick are cared for, and that the patients who are able to walk around, do not leave the hospital and get into the doggeries of the city and run into excess.

Sabbath, 13.—I went on board of the British bark *L.* and preached to a congregation of four persons. The meeting was solemn, and I trust that good was done. Last week the British bark *D.* brought up the crew of the American ship *A.*, the latter having foundered off Cape Horn and was abandoned, making five feet water in

twenty-four hours while the pumps were going. At Bermuda where they put in for repairs, she was probed in her bows and they were quite unsound from ten to twelve inches in depth. The seamen also state that the first officer told them, that they must make a total loss of the vessel, if any thing serious occurred, and that this was the instruction that he (the first officer) received in ——— from the owner, who, I understand, lives in that city. But the captain assures me that the assertions of the mate are not to be relied on. The seamen look bad. Some are at the hospital. They state that they had no vegetables the entire voyage, and that they were not allowed any fresh meat at Bermuda. I am well satisfied that there is great fault somewhere, as it regards the treatment of seamen.* I have been acquainted with many on this coast, and a large majority bear evident marks of brutal treatment.

15. I went on board of the Lord Riversdale, and sold books to Mrs. Hague, the Captain's wife. She is a professor of piety, and I believe lives a life of godliness. I also visited the Queen of the Isle, and sold them about \$14 worth of books. They are a well disposed crew and Captain, but I am not aware that there is a professor of religion among them. They however, showed their good judgment by selecting the best books. In the evening I met Capt. Schroeder of the brig Tubal Cain, who has just arrived from California with his family. He states that his mate and one of his seamen were much concerned for their salvation, and were engaged in reading and religious conversation every opportunity during the voyage to California, and on their return. He thinks that they were seriously affected by the books they

purchased before they left this port.

Nov. 27. I went on the bay and preached to about twenty persons, on the Ellen Simpson. Five of the American Consul's family were present, Captain Scott the master of the vessel was deeply affected, even to tears. I suppose that six weeks will wind up my labors here for the present. I have felt intensely for these poor destitute seamen. O! may the Great Shepherd provide for them.— I feel as though I could shed tears, and pray for them day and night.— There is need for a laborer in the vineyard, to occupy all his time among the seamen here.

Yours, affectionately,

D. W. WHEELER,
Seamen's Chaplain.

Account of Monies.

From Dec. 15th to Jan. 15th, 1854,
*Directors for Life by the Payment
of Fifty Dollars.*

William Vandeventer, by Pres. Ch., Astoria, N. Y., (amt. ack. below.)	
Rev. Eustace W. Spear, by Meth. Epis. Ch., Macon, Geo.	51 00
Rev. Robert L. Breck, by Pres. Ch. Macon, Geo.,	63 00
Rev. David Finley, by Pres. Ch. Montgomery, Ala.	50 00

Members for Life by the Payment of Twenty Dollars.

Mrs. Elizabeth C. Cornell, by Ref. Dutch Ch. of Man- hattan, N. Y.,	20 00
John R. Baker, Piermont, N. Y. by do., (bal.)	8 51
Jonathan S. Nichols, by First Con. Soc. Haverhill, N.H. (balance),	13 00
Michael Carlton, Jr., by First Con. Soc. Haverhill, N.H., (in part),	15 00
Mrs. Sarah Payn, Troy, N.Y.	20 00
Samuel S. T. W. Sanford, M. D., Ravenswood, by Mrs. S. Payn,	20 00

Mrs. Jane E. Sanford, of do., by do.,	20 00	From Thirteenth Pres. Ch., N. Y., (incl'g. sub.),	128 50
Mrs. Catharine Brooks of Williamsburg, N. Y., by do.	20 00	" Miss A. A. G., Troy, N. Y.,	5 00
H. G. Torbert, M. D. of Camden, N. Y., do,	20 00	" A Friend, for the spir- itual good of Sea.,	10 00
Miss Jane Lyman, by the Ladies Benev. Soc., Leb- anon, Ct.,	21 00	" Chapel St. Con. Soc., New Haven, Ct.,	70 23
Rev. Wm. D. Hitchcock, by Ladies Sea. Fr'd. Soc'y. Exeter, N. H.,	20 00	" Balance from Pres. Ch., Valatie, N. Y.,	6 00
Rev. Elbert Osborn, by Meth. Epis. Ch., Sharon, Ct. (bal)	8 25	" Rev. Wm. Bradley, Newark, N. J.,	5 00
Rev. John B. Dales, D. D., by Associate Ref'd. Ch., Philadelphia, Pa.,	20 00	" Ladies Mite Soc., New Milford, Ct.,	5 25
Mrs. Hannah Stone, by La's. Sea. Fr'd. Soc., Beverly, Mass.,	20 00	" Mrs. G. M. Merwin, do, First Parish Sab. Sch'l. Bangor, Me.,	30 00
James Calvin Taylor, Derry, N. H., by J. P. Fairbanks, St. Johnsbury, Vt.,	20 00	" John Trask, Newport, N. H.,	1 00
Rev. Charles Scott, Bruns- wick, N. Y. by Ladies Ben. Soc. Ref'd. Dutch Ch., Shawangunk, N. Y.,	20 00	" Cong. Ch. and Soc'y., Salisbury, Ct.,	42 00
William Rhinehart, by do do,	20 00	" Theodore, of Pokeep- sie, by Rev. H. G. Ludlow,	10 00
Mrs. Betsey Lovejoy, by Meth. Epis. Ch., Ridge- field, Ct. (balance),	5 00	" Ref'd. Dutch Ch., As- toria, N. Y.,	53 29
William N. Goddard, N. Y., by Mrs. Charles Woolsey, Ref. Dutch Ch., Astoria, N. Y., (amt. ack. below),		" R. M. Blackwell, As- toria, N. Y.,	5 00
James T. Soutter, by Pres. Ch., Astoria, N. Y., (amt. ack. below),		" Broadway Tabernacle, N. Y., (including sub- scriptions),	169 17
Walter Edwards, Astoria, do, Thomas Joseph, Montgomery, Ala.,		" Congl. Ch. and Soc., Green's Farms, Ct.,	30 00
Israel Roberts, do do,	20 00	" Mrs. Sally Wilcox, Gil- sum, N. H.,	2 00
Charles Lynn, do do,	20 00	" Ezra Adams, " " "	1 00
E. C. Hannon, by Meth. Epis. Ch., do.,	20 00	" Congl. Ch. and Soc., Wolcottville, Ct.	20 00
<i>Donations.</i>		" Pr. Ch., Astoria, N. Y.,	106 28
From First Con. Soc., New London, Ct.,	69 10	" Bap. Ch., N. Glouces- ter, Me.,	6 00
" Torrington, Ct.,	6 00	" 1st Ch. and Soc., Con- cord, N. H.,	15 00
" Con. Soc., Leicester, Mass. to com. L M.,	1 62	" Rev. Dr. Adams' Ch. and Soc., Bruns, Me.,	16 00
" Con. Soc., Goshen, Ct.,	23 00	" Capt. S. Stickney, Wa- tertown, Mass.,	2 50
" Con. Soc., Newport, N. H.,	9 56	" Con. Soc., Hopkinton, N. H., (balance) for two life members,	3 34
" First Con. Soc., Shar- on, Ct.,	18 75	" Seamen's Concert Con. Soc., N. Belf., Me.,	12 00
" West Con. Soc. Mil- ford, Ct.,	28 00	" Pres. Ch. Aug., Geo., (balance),	10 00
" B. L. Kip, New York,	15 00		\$1,486 35
		<i>Sailor's Home, N. Y.</i>	
		J. T. D. Lanier, N. Y.,	\$50 00

Mrs. Gilmore, Hartford, Ct., 6 Flannel Shirts.		Haverhill Centre Ch. and Soc.	15 17
Ladies' Seam. Fr. Soc., Exe- ter, N. H., 12 Sheets, 20 Pillow cases, 12 Towels, 10 Shirts, Christmas pres. for shipwrecked Sailors.		Reading, Bethesda Ch. and Soc., to make Rev. Wm. H. Beecher L. M.,	35 00
Lois C. McMahan, New Mil- ford, Ct., 4 pair Socks.		Ladies Dorcas Society,	25 50
Mrs. L. H., 1 pair.		Ladies of Sunderland,	9 00
Young Ladies in Misses Hale's Sem., Pennington, N. J., 4 Comforters, 4 pair Sheets, 4 pr. Pillow cases, 12 Towels.		South Deerfield, 1st Con. Ch. and Soc.,	13 05
<i>Moneys received into the Treas'y of the Boston Sea. Fr'd. Soc.</i>		Greenfield, 1st Con. Ch. and Soc.,	20 70
Lowell, John St. Ch. and Society.		Greenfield 2d Con. Ch. and Soc'y, to make Rev. Geo. Partridge L. M.,	30 70
Young Peoples Social Circle to make Rev. Eden B. Fos- ter L. M.,	20 00	Brookline, Harvard Ch. and Soc'y,	52 85
Juvenile Sab. School to make Miss Philena Farr L. M.,	20 00	Peru, Rev. J. Knight's Soc., Longmeadow, Legacy of Gideon Burt, by Wm. Burt, Esq.,	6 31
Subscriptions and contribu- tions to make Geo. Colton, John K. Chase, Mrs Cath- arine P. Foster, Mrs. S. H. Hanks, and Deacon Asa Wetherbee L. M.'s,	117 25	Woburn, Rev. Mr. Edward's Ch. and Soc., to make David Tillson L. M.,	39 00
Wilmington, Con. Ch. and Soc.	12 84	Boston, Sailor's Relief Soc.	20 37
Boston, Shawmut Ch. and Soc., additional,	5 00	Boston, Park St. Ch. add'l,	16 00
Methuen, Con. Ch. and Soc. to make Edward Carlton L. M.,	30 25	Boston, Ladies of Park St. Ch., by Mrs Barnes,	13 00
Medway Village Con. Ch. and Soc. to make Almira Berin of New Haven, Ct., and Eliel Blake L. M.,	42 13	Roxbury, Young Ladies Miss'y Soc'y,	20 50
Hadley, General Benev. Soc. of the Third Ch. by C. P. Hitchcock,	17 00	Franklin Ladies Benev. Soc.,	19 00
Newbury (West) 2d Con. Ch. and Soc, to make Stephen Adams L. M.,	34 51	A young man on his death bed,	50
South Wellfleet Con. Ch. and Soc.,	6 00	Natic, Rev. Mr. Nason's Soc.,	20 00
South Weymouth Union Ch. and Soc., to make a L. M.,	33 58	Woburn, for room in the Home,	50 00
Weymouth 2d Con. Ch. and Soc'y,	16 25	Boston, Winter St. Ch. ad'l,	20 00
Reading, Old South Ch. and Soc.,	26 52	Newburyport, Ladies of Contuit Port, monthly con- cert, (Dec. '53)	16 00
Sunderland Con. Ch. and Soc. to make Mrs. James B. Prouty L. M.,	23 87	Canterbury, N. H., Ladies Benev. Soc.,	1 00
		Jacob Searl and two others, Plainfield, N. H.,	3 00
		Abington, (South) 2d Con. Ch. and Soc.,	14 50
		Worcester, Salem St. Ch. and Soc'y, to make I. C. Newton L. M.,	33 23
		Ashby, Con. Ch. and Soc., to make one L. M.	20 00
		Medford, 2d Con. Ch. and Soc.	16 25
		Lowell, A friend to seamen,	2 00
		Montague, Con. Ch. and Soc. Collection,	20 72
		From Miss Philena N. Nimes, to make Miss Aloney D. Chenery L. M.	10 00
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			\$1,188 55